THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY

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ACROSS THE PAGES . . .

"A Babe is Born - in India" shows us the welcome that awaits the new arrival into an Indian family. No lack of love, but a great lack of intelligent care, as Sister M. Stephanie tells us.

Sister M. Bernadette introduces us to "A Friend of Mine," whose loving submission to the Will of God is an example for us all.

Spend Christmas day with the Medical Mission Sisters in "Christmas at the Motherhouse."

The poverty of the little chapel of Maner, India makes it "Another Bethlehem". Sister M. Elise is our guide in visiting it.

LEAGUE OF GRATITUDE

In 1928, when the Society was scarce three years old, this league was formed with the permission of His Excellency, the Most Rev. Michael J. Curley, late Archbishop of Baltimore. As its name implies, the keynote is gratitude — a real and profound sense of thankfulness for the gifts of Faith and health. This appreciation of God's goodness prompts us to bring these gifts to the people in mission countries. Members of the League of Gratitude share in all the prayers and works of the Sisters. Requirements for membership are: Prayer and alms for the spread of Christ's kingdom through the Medical Mission Apostolate.

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The Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries is a religious community of women founded in 1925 for the purpose of providing medical care for the sick in the foreign missions.

The Motherhouse and Novitiate are located in Fox Chase, Philadelphia, Pa. There is also a House of Studies in Brookland, Washington, D. C., and Houses of Postulate in England and Holland.

The main activities of the Society include the conducting of hospitals, dispensaries, maternity and child welfare centers, training schools for native nurses and midwives, and similar health works.

Medical Mission Centers conducted by the Society in India and the United States are:

HOLY FAMILY HOSPITAL
Rawalpindi, India

HOLY FAMILY HOSPITAL
Patna, India

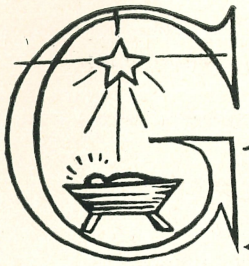
MITFORD MUNICIPAL HOSPITAL.
Dacca, Bengal, India

HOLY FAMILY HOSPITAL
Mandar, Ranchi District, India

THE SANTA FE CATHOLIC MATERNITY INST., Santa Fe, N. M.

THE CATHOLIC COLORED CLINIC
Atlanta, Georgia

It is the purpose of the Society to send Medical Missionaries to any mission field of the world. The Society has many requests; it needs many vocations.



Gloria in excelsis Deo

Soon we celebrate the 1947th anniversary of the turning point of history—the birth of Our Savior, Jesus Christ. From that midnight when He was born of the Virgin Mother in a stable outside Bethlehem, the world has never been the same—there is a light in the darkness, although—then as now—the darkness did not comprehend it.

With the divine urge of love, the Infant King, at the very moment of His birth, broadcast to mankind His program of the new era:

"Glory to God in the highest,
Peace to men of good will."

This was the resume. His life, His teaching, His example would amplify and clarify it.

"Glory to God in the highest" was the first and foremost concern. God must be glorified by the human race recognizing Him as Creator, Lord and Master. He must be worshipped, publicly and privately. His revelation, the knowledge of His goodness and love, His means of salvation must be brought to every race and land.

"Peace to men of good will" was to follow. The tranquility of order would reign in the hearts of individuals, families and nations by justice and charity. Only these virtues can remove the obstacles to peace. The obstacles are legion—all the vices of humanity, with greed, sensuality, jealousy and hatred heading the list. The saving fountain of grace flowing from His sacrifice on Calvary would heal these wounds.

Peace was offered at the price of good will. This was the contribution God demanded of men. But not only of individual men but of groups of men also, since their destinies are so interlaced.

It would be superfluous to comment on the present dilemma of the lack of peace in the world. Nor is there any need of deep dissecting to find out the cause of the prevalence of its very antithesis—chaos, fear and want spread in gigantic proportions over the face of the earth. The answer is ready at hand. We need only ask, "What about the glory of God in the highest, and good will among men?"

The answer could have a disastrous effect. The apparent hopelessness could paralyze one from head to foot, it could weary one to the point of laying down arms and giving up the fight for peace.

Christ knows our faintheartedness, our temptations. Through His Vicar, our Holy Father, He rouses us to courage and confidence:

"If one wishes to return to the great principles of justice that lead to peace, one must go to Bethlehem. One must recall the example of Him Who from the cradle to the cross knew no higher mission than that of fulfilling the will of the Heavenly Father, rescuing the world from the darkness of error and mire of sin where it lay pitiably. It must be brought to acknowledge its subjection to the majesty of the Divine Law as its norm of right thinking and its measure of wholesome and conscientious conduct.

"The great return to the axioms of the message of Bethlehem was never more necessary for the world than today. Indeed, rarely has the contrast between the precepts of that Divine message and the reality as we see it been made, alas, so clear to me.

"Frightened by this contrast, would you wish, beloved sons and daughters, to lose courage? Would you wish to increase the number of those who, alarmed at the instability of the times, begin themselves to waver in such a way that more or less knowingly they play the part of the adversaries of Christ? No Christian has the right to show himself tired of the fight against the anti-religious surge of today. It matters little under what forms, with what methods, weapons, words—enticing or menacing—and in what disguise the enemy hides himself. No one can be excused for remaining in his presence with folded arms, bowed head and trembling knees."

It is our fervent prayer and wish that this Christmas message given to us by Our Holy Father a year ago may echo and re-echo in the hearts of our friends and benefactors, and the readers of the "Medical Missionary."

—A. D.

A Babe Is Born — In India

SISTER M. STEPHANIE, S. C. M. M., R. N.

The birth of a baby in any land is a great event. But in India, it is the occasion of more rejoicing than elsewhere, especially if the baby is a boy! Indians love children with great affection, not only their own, but their nieces, nephews, grandsons and granddaughters. Indeed, the greatest curse that can befall an Indian family is to have no children.

Many ancient customs which vary from caste to caste surround the arrival of a new member of the family. The reason behind these customs have long since been forgotten, yet no detail is omitted. If it is a boy, in some castes, the right nostril must be pierced as soon as possible in order that a ring may be put in his nose. If a girl, the nose is pierced later—no hurry. The Hindu baby has to beg for its first dress. If a number of babies have died in the past in a certain family, a mock burial is held at the time of the birth of the next baby so that the evil spirit will be fooled and leave the little one alone.

The most important item about the baby is the exact moment of its arrival—not just the day and the hour, but the minute and the second. Then the anxious father rushes off to the astrologer or holy man to find out the future of his child. If the predictions are gloomy, the family may decide to let the child die rather than live to endure such a horrible fate. If the astrologer says the baby will die in five days, why bother to feed it? Such a fate almost overtook the first baby born in Holy Family Hospital, Rawalpindi. But someone had an inspiration — the hospital clock was fast. Since the new horoscope predicted an entirely different future, the baby was accepted with joy.

Both Hindus and Muslims make offerings of rice, atta, (flour) and oil for the welfare of the mother and child. The offerings are touched by mother and the baby, and then given to the poor in charity. The richer the family, the more expensive the gifts offered. A Muslim may have a goat sacrificed in the courtyard the moment the baby utters its first cry.

Unfortunately, not all the customs surrounding the birth of a baby are good ones. Some are very dangerous to the health and life of both mother and child. Since the mother is considered "unclean" for several days after the baby is born, she must stay in a dark, dirty, airless room. Only a "dai" (native midwife) may take care of her.

In the typical Indian family, there are from five to twelve children. In this picture, the child on the right is a girl. How can we tell? By her baggy trousers and flowered shirt. Contrast her clothes with the tight fitting trousers and white shirt of her brother on the left.

First of all, we have to remember that the dai is absolutely illiterate, of very low caste, ignorant of all the laws of cleanliness. Her position is hereditary — a daughter takes up the work when her mother gets too old. The methods used are also hand-me-downs from ancient times. A dai, as a rule, has to work hard for her pay. The whole care of the mother falls on her shoulders. If the baby is a boy, she will get Rs/5 for her trouble. But if it is a girl, then she is out of luck. Rs/2 or 3 is all she will get. She also takes the blame if anything goes wrong. That the training of these dais is an important part of any Maternity and Child Welfare Center is easy to see.

But even the trained dai is not always free to follow modern methods. The real ruler of the household, the mother-in-law, is apt to insist that the old methods be used. She will say, "Why all this fuss about light and fresh air, soap and water? We all have had babies. It is true that some of them died. But others are alive and healthy now. We will call another dai who will work the old way." If the dai wants to call medical aid, the old buddhi will say, "You don't know your work. Follow the methods your mother used, or we will call some one else." This threat is a real one, since the dai depends for her bread (and that of her family) on the pay she gets for her work.

In supervising the work of the dais, we often go with them into the homes. Our rule is, pretend not to understand the language, ask

no questions, but keep our eyes open. Sometimes a few unauthentic remedies will be given to the patient when our back is turned. For instance, water that has washed the big toe of the right foot of a Holy Man is considered just the thing for the mother. Or in a Mohammedan household, the holy man will write a certain verse from the Koran on a plate in ink. The ink is washed off with milk, and this forms the medicine. But as long as no real harm is done to the patient, we raise no objections. After all, it is a great step forward to allow us to come into the house.

In a Hindu home, we literally have to "watch our steps." Since we are "unclean," it would be a calamity if we stepped into a place used for cooking. All the food would have to be thrown away. We keep our eyes on the lookout for the little wooden ledge that kind of separates the "kitchen" from the rest of the courtyard. When many families occupy a courtyard, each has its own cooking place. Then the wooden ledges cross each other in a most confusing manner. We generally ask for a safe path to be shown us.

Because of this stigma of "uncleanness" that is attached to mothers at the birth of the baby, we get little help besides interest from the other members of the family. If we need a box of matches, the door of the little room is opened a crack, and the matches thrown at us. We have learned to insist on carrying our own medical kit, because it, too, is "unclean." The happy father always offers, but he is much relieved not to have to contaminate himself. How I dislike that expression, "unclean!"

But the age old customs are gradually changing. The few brave mothers who first ventured to the hospital have been followed by others. The women are beginning to realize the advantage of scientific care, and they enjoy the ten day rest—something they would not get at home! In 1935, only 78 babies were born in our Rawalpindi Hospital. But in 1946, a total of 1,053 babies were born in Holy Family Hospital there.

The mothers are even beginning to come to the clinic for care before the baby is born. Some think it is merely a way to get a "booking" for a room, but others see that such care insures a healthy baby. But the buddhi remains adamant about the way things ought to be done. That is, until we persuade her to let her daughter come to us. We permit her to stay with the patient in the hospital in order to gain her confidence. Is she amazed by some of our modern methods! But the healthy baby and happy mother that result overcome the last vestige of her prejudice. Such mothers-in-law become our best agents. They will bring patient after patient to the clinic. They coach each one beforehand about the questions she knows we will ask. Afterwards, she quizzes the patient to be sure that we didn't omit any details of the examination.

A quartet of twins born at Holy Family Hospital, Rawalpindi, during the month of May, 1943.

Our work does not end when the mother goes home with her baby. We try to follow our babies through the first difficult year of life. The worst periods for the baby are the first days after going home, and the time of teething. In the hospital, the babies are kept clean and free from infection. In the homes, they are exposed to the flies and dirt of their surroundings. Diarrheas, dysenteries, coughs and colds abound. When the babies are ready to start eating solid food is another occasion. Ignorance and mistaken love for the children are the biggest obstacles.

Ignorance we try to overcome by telling the mothers again and again what to feed the baby. One rather obtuse Mohammedan woman, after the doctor finished telling her what to do was asked by the Sister-dispenser, "What were you told to feed the baby?" The little one in question was a mite of seven pounds, though it had weathered a winter and a summer. Promptly came the answer, "Chah." (Tea!!!) When told that it is time to feed the baby some puréed vegetables, the mothers always say, "Hanh, hanh." (yes, yes.) But the next time they come, the complaint is the same, "The baby is so thin." When you ask them whether they did feed the child some solid food, they often answer, "I try, but he refuses to take it." The result of this nutritional problem is of course, dysenteries again, and all kinds of deficiency diseases like beri-beri, etc. The demand then is for medicine and injections. But to make these poor women understand that no amount of medicine can take the place of proper food is a great test of patience. Sometimes you think you are wasting your breath, but to see even a few follow directions and bring up healthy, chubby babies is worth all the effort.

A FRIEND OF MINE

By Sister M. Bernadette, S. C. M. M.

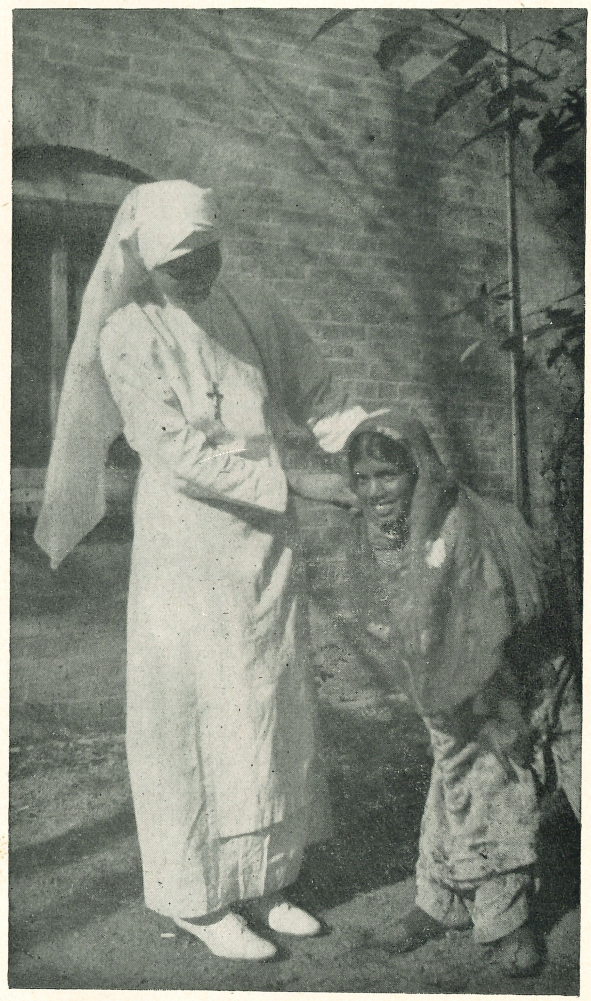
I first met Rampiari when she walked into the dispensary one morning with her daughter. I could hardly believe my eyes! Though the partition that separates the pharmacy from the waiting room is only four feet high, I could just make out the top of her head.

She was a little bit of a woman, all bent double so that her hands almost touched the floor. Involuntarily I thought of the woman in the Gospels, who had been "bound down by Satan." Rampiari was very clean and neat, with lovely black hair, and such a nice manner of talking that I liked her at once.

It was the first time I had seen a cripple like that. Our Sister-doctor explained to me that she was an advanced case of osteomalacia. Lack of calcium, vitamin D, and sunshine (and that in sunny India!) had robbed her bones of the required hardness. They had crumpled up until she couldn't stand straight or lift her head.

Despite her protests that she was quite well, and that her daughter was the patient, we took her into the examining room anyway. It was a good thing that we did so, for the doctor found out that she was going to have a baby soon. Of course she would need a major operation because her bones were so distorted. We were a little afraid to mention the word "operation" to her on the very first visit, but she didn't seem to mind. She promised to come back regularly for check-ups and medicine.

That was the beginning of a delightful friendship. About every two weeks Rampiari would come to the dispensary with a little gift of fruit or flowers for me. In return, I gave her calcium and vitamin D, and sometimes a scolding if she had failed to take them, in my best combination of Urdu, English and Hungarian. She used to tell me all her troubles. Her husband treated her cruelly because she couldn't do the housework properly. But Rampiari took it all as God's will. I used to tell her about Our Lady and her many sorrows. She became so fond of the Blessed Mother that she would bring me special flowers for her statue.



Rampiari

At four o'clock on Christmas morning Rampiari was admitted to Holy Family Hospital. I saw her for a moment, and then she sent me to the chapel to pray for her. She went through the operation without any fear. Her faith in the protection of Our Lady was rewarded. She had a lovely baby daughter, whom she named "Rani" (Queen), after the Queen of heaven.

Rampiari made a wonderful patient. All the nurses, especially the little Bengal Sisters, became very much attached to her. She was able to go home in three weeks. But then the trouble began. The lovely little "Queen," with her

long, silky, black hair and delicate features was too good for this world. She grew weaker and weaker. The doctors took her back into the hospital, tried every formula, but without success. Rani died about two months later, in our nursery. I called her "Mary Therese" after Our Lady and the Little Flower, who was a little queen herself. I broke the news to Rampiari the next morning,—without words since my face gave it away at once. Rampiari said simply "God's will be done."

Then we didn't see Rampiari again for a long time, although I inquired after her from her daughter and neighbors. She seemed to be going downhill. Her husband's little shop had not prospered, and he himself was drinking heavily. Then one day she appeared again, looking depressed and unhappy. She did not want medicine. She wanted to die, for life had no more to offer her. She had a racking cough, and also a weak heart.

It happened that one day she had to attend the funeral of one of her relatives. Despite her poor health she took part in all the prescribed mourning of the womenfolk—beating the chest with both fists, and wailing and screaming at the top of the lungs. This lasted all night. Next morning Rampiari was carried into the hospital, half-dead.

She was so exhausted and breathless that she couldn't even lie down. Even though we propped her up with many pillows, she was in agony. The doctors did what they could for her, but her pulse remained fast and thready, like a little bird fluttering under my finger. I spent nearly all afternoon with her, now and then saying a few words about Our Lady and heaven, and preparing her for a happy passage to eternity. When I had to leave, she pulled me close to her and said, "You won't see me alive again, Sister. Keep an eye on my daughter, and tell her to look after my buffalo." She died that night, around midnight.

It is good to know that she is up there in heaven, waiting and praying for me. I often think of her uncomplaining suffering when I feel a bit tired or disgruntled. She taught me more than I did her.

THE CONSECRATION OF BISHOP WILDERMUTH

The new bishop of Patna, India, the Most Rev. A. F. Wildermuth, S.J. was consecrated by His Eminence, Samuel Cardinal Stritch, Archbishop of Chicago, on October 28, 1947. The colorful ceremony, one of the most impressive of all Catholic functions, took place in the beautifully decorated Holy Name Cathedral. Among the many bishops present in the sanctuary, His Excellency, Mar Ivanios, a Jacobite bishop from the South of India, stood out by reason of his picturesque robes and mitre.

Rev. Fr. Edward Murphy, S. J., in his sermon, forcefully stressed the fact that all through the ages the authority of Christ, delegated by Him to Peter and the Apostles, has been handed down from one bishop to another. Thus the Church of Christ continues to enjoy the power and care of her Divine Founder.

The ceremonies of the consecration brought out vividly this delegation of power. The consecrator, Cardinal Stritch, laid the heavy book of the Gospels on the bishop-elect's shoulders, annointed his head and hands with chrism, to show both the burdens of the episcopal dignity, and the strength necessary to carry out the many duties of this office. Then Cardinal Stritch handed to the new bishop the mitre, ring and crozier, symbols of the authority with which he is invested. Thus Bishop Wildermuth, receiving the full powers of the priesthood, can carry its blessings to Patna, India.

Sister M. Laetitia and Sister M. Elise, who have been at Holy Family Hospital, Patna, attended the consecration.

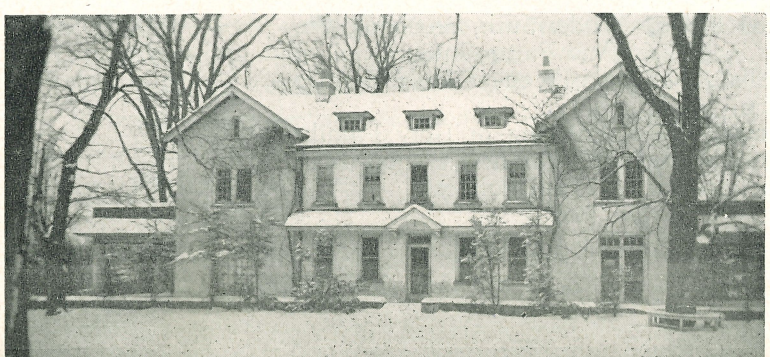
The Medical Mission Sisters, especially those working in Holy Family Hospital, Patna, join in prayers and good wishes for their new bishop. May he have a long and fruitful ministry in health, peace and holiness!

Christmas

Front Gate -- 8400 Pine Road

THE FOUR WEEKS of Advent slip quickly by. The recurrent cry of longing, "O come, O come, Emmanuel" has scarcely grown familiar to us when Christmas Eve brings us to the threshold of the day of salvation. The Introit of the Mass tells us that "In the morning you shall see His glory." Last minute preparations keep us busy until time for First Vespers. Then, somehow or other, the hustle-bustle settles down and a true Christmas spirit comes over the house. The only distractions are noiseless ones—the tantalizing fragrances that proceed from the kitchen. After Compline we all go to bed to await the call of the "angels." It seems that we have scarcely slept when we hear them summon us to come and see the newborn King. Eagerly we dress and hurry to the chapel to greet the Christ Child. What changes have taken place! Christmas trees, tinsel and lights, the red velvet panels against the white antependium give the chapel a true "holy-day" appearance. From His place over the altar, the Christmas Babe smiles at us.

The Motherhouse



The large ou

The Medical Mission Sisters, the world over, join together in wi and blessed Christmas, and in beg for them throughout the coming ye

A brief meditation of the glorious story of God's great love for us men prepares us for Midnight Mass. As the choir intones "Dominus dixit ad me," — "The Lord said to Me, Thou art My Son, this day have I begotten Thee,"—The first Mass of Christmas begins. It is followed by the two other Masses assigned to the feast.

After the Masses have been completed, the community assembles in

St. Therese'

at the MOTHERHOUSE

oor crib

ot only at the Motherhouse, but
ning all their friends a very holy
ing God for His choicest graces
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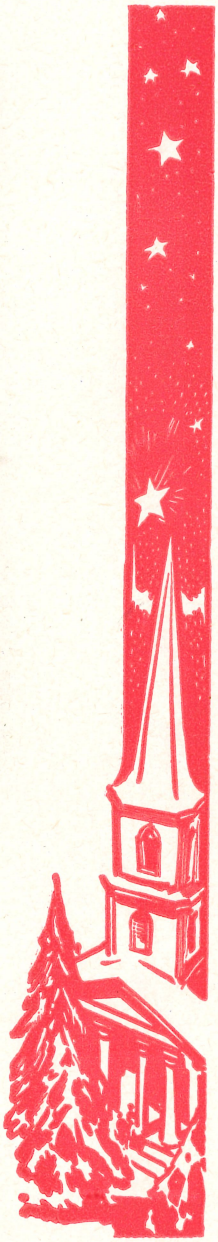
Novitiate



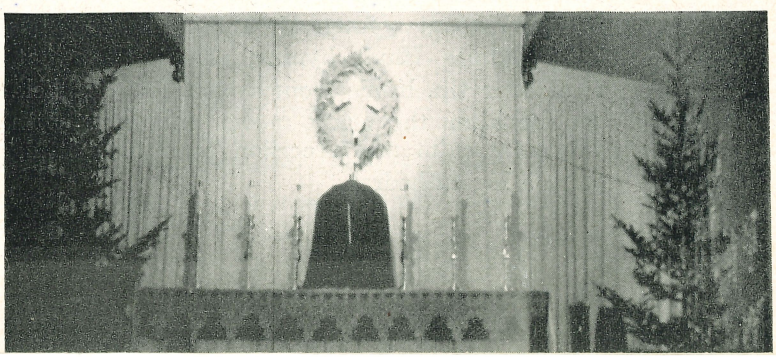
the refectory for a little "midnight" snack. Again, the room we left so plain and drab the evening before has been decorated in keeping with the occasion. Candles, branches of pine, little figures of angels and Santa Clauses cover the tables. We wish each other a very joyous Christmas, not forgetting the other Medical Missionaries throughout the world joined in spirit with us.

Then to bed again—though not always to sleep. This time it is morning light, and not the songs of angels that awakens us. The chapel and refectory, though lovely indeed, have lost a little of the enchantment that was theirs at midnight. We now can see the large crib that stands in front of the house. Its straw roof has a blanket of snow, making it a realistic replica of Bethlehem.

Later in the morning, jolly Saint Nick comes, announcing his arrival with sleigh bells. He is loaded down with gifts for all the Sisters. Each receives her packages, and often as not, a bit of witticism with it. Santa has a keen sense of humor, and wouldn't want anyone to think that his elves have not been on the alert. After his visit, the community looks as if a mild cyclone had settled in its midst. The rest of the day passes all too quickly with laughter and happiness. In the evening we gather around the large outdoor crib in front of the house to pay homage once more to our King, who this day brought light and joy to the world. The singing of Christmas carols brings the great day to a close.

Sister M. Veronica clears the path

The chapel decorated for Midnight Mass



Another Bethlehem

SISTER M. ELISE WYNEN, S. C. M. M., M. D.

Christmas comes but once a year . . . except in a certain small Indian village we happened to visit some time ago. You would never find the place if someone didn't guide you there. From the outside the chapel looks just the same as the other buildings in a row of hovels. But when you open the front door, then you see the difference. Instead of the usual litter of the ordinary house, you step into a clean, narrow, almost empty room, at one end of which an altar has been raised.

Think of Midnight Mass in a place like this! Surrounded on all sides by the indifferent and unbelieving, this little room witnesses again the birth of the Savior. Candles flicker joyously, the altar is bright and attractive. Gnarled farmers and shoemakers kneel stiffly on the mud floor, squirming youngsters stir and whisper, silent women sit and rock their babies. Simple Hindi hymns, clear and sweet, float over the heads from a choir in the back. At the altar the priest moves and bows with the same calm and precision as if the setting were a big cathedral.

Surely this is Bethlehem all over again. In front a Virgin-Mother bends over her newborn Son, in an ecstasy of love and adoration. In back the poor shepherds stare and gaze, in respectful awe at a scene both familiar and incomprehensible. Christ is born again in utter poverty and humility, adored by only a chosen few.

The story of this new Bethlehem is a small epic in itself. Until quite recently there were no Christians at all in this little village. Since it is just outside Dinapore, an old military cantonment, its population increased tremendously during the war. From all over the countryside people came flocking in to help feed, clothe, and amuse the army. Some of these newcomers were leatherworkers, recent converts from a nearby mission. These Christians came and begged the priests to establish a church in their new home. Poor and ignorant as they were, they missed their tabernacle and their priest.

Obstacles to the new mission seemed unsurmountable. Land was unobtainable, building impossible because of war scarcities. A few fanatic Hindus tried to keep the priest out, threatening vengeance on anyone who would sell or rent him a house. After much searching, a small hut was found. Since it was supposed to be haunted, no one wanted it. The owner was willing to defy the Brahmins for five rupees a month. For a while a catechist was put into possession of it to make contacts with the people. It soon became clear that the simple, poor neighbors were not at all hostile. Any new interest in their dull and secluded lives was heartily welcomed. Soon a capable young missionary from the south of India moved in. It was he who invited us to "come and see."

Thus every day is really Christmas in Maner of Bihar, India. One young missionary, living in a stable has transformed this village by his zeal and charity. Christ does not mind the stable. He *chose* one the first time. Gladly does He return to it when it is the best that loving hearts can provide.

St. Francis Xavier And The Establishment Of Native Seminaries

That Francis Xavier baptized until he could no longer lift his arm, that he repeated the Credo, Pater, Ave and the Decalogue with his converts until his voice failed, these are well known facts. But in the recital of his almost fabulous missionary career, little attention is given to his zeal to make his efforts lasting. He did not merely strive to make an all-time record for the number of Baptisms administered, but to establish the Church firmly, the real aim of true missionaries.

The training of natives for the priesthood was one project especially dear to his Christ-like heart. One incident in his life proves this in a most forceful manner. In 1544, Francis accepted for the Society of Jesus the College of Holy Faith for the Propagation of the Catholic Religion. This college had been founded at Goa three years before by two Portguese priests, Miguel Vaz and Diego de Borba. In the seminary attached, there were many native students—Eurasians, Malayalis, Bangalis, and even Chinese. On the advice of Father Simon Rodriguez, Xavier appointed Father Anthony Gomez to the important post of Rector of the Seminary. The saint himself was called away to the lands further east—the Moluccas and Japan. Unknown to him, Father Gomez had very definite ideas about the "racial inferiority" of the natives. He regarded a dark skin as a bar to the priesthood. With Francis away, he had opportunity to put his ideas into practice. One by one the native seminarians were asked to leave. But one fine day Saint Francis returned to see how the seminary was faring. He met the seminarians—only white faces did he see. Trembling with indignation, he summoned the Rector. What took place in the brief half hour that followed, history does not relate. We may easily guess that holy wrath was tempered by saintly meekness. But not only was Father Gomez relieved of his duties as Rector, he was expelled from the Society. St. Francis could not abide anyone who set up racial barriers in the Kingdom of God. He fully recognized that the Church of Christ must nowhere be "foreign."

This example from the life of a great saint and a great missionary shows better than any argument the importance of training natives for the priesthood. St. Francis would surely have given whole-hearted approval to the intention for this month, "The Increase of Seminaries for the Native Clergy." He would also have approved the Society of Foreign Missions of Paris which began training students for the priesthood in the 17th century, and the Society of St. Peter the Apostle for Native Clergy founded in the 19th century by Jeanne and Stephanie Bigard. Today, when the ranks of the clergy in Europe are depleted by the war, it is more important than ever that we join this work by our daily prayer:

"O Jesus, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary,
I offer Thee my prayers, works and sufferings of this day
for all the intentions of Thy Sacred Heart
in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass
throughout the world, in reparation for my sins,
for the intentions of all our Associates, and in particular,
for the increase of seminaries for the native clergy."

Smile on us, Holy One, who bow
Before Thy great humility
And let our homage be the vow
To live and die, dear Lord, in Thee

—Emily Hickey

At Home and Abroad

Father De Meulder Visits the Motherhouse

On Tuesday, November 4, Reverend Father De Meulder, S. J. paid a visit to Fox Chase. It was he who planned and supervised the building of Holy Family Hospital, Mandar. Interspersed with entertaining stories about India, Father De Meulder's talk was both enjoyable and informative. He told us much about the mission at Mandar, about the work of our Sisters there, about the great importance of medical work in India. "What chiefly wins the hearts of the leaders of India is medical care for the poor sick," were his words.

A letter was received at the Motherhouse telling that the three Tyrolese priests who visited with us this summer have reached their destination, the Philippine Islands.

Departures For India

On Thursday, October 30, the departure ceremony for Sister M. Xavier, Sister Jane Frances, and Sister M. Adelaide was held at the Motherhouse. The Rev. John P. McGowan C. M., from Mary Immaculate Seminary, Northampton, Pennsylvania gave the sermon. In his address, Father pointed out how fitting it was to renew one's vows before departing for the missions because our life as religious is a continual oblation. He also reminded us that this departure was merely a physical one, since Medical Missionaries the world over are united at the same Altar each morning. Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament followed.

On November 1 the three Sisters sailed from New York on the S S "Flying Independent" of the Isbrandtsen Line.

Sister M. Xavier, from Little Rock, Arkansas, entered the Society in 1930. She has been superior of the houses of the Society in Washington and in Philadelphia. She was one of the pioneer group who went to take charge of the Catholic Colored Clinic, in Atlanta, Georgia. Sister M. Xavier has been assigned to Holy Family Hospital, Mandar.

Sister Jane Frances, from Akron, Ohio, is a registered pharmacist. She was graduated from George Washington University School of Pharmacy, Washington, D. C., in September, 1946. For practical experience, she worked at Doctors' Hospital, Washington, D. C. Sister Jane Frances will join the staff of Holy Family Hospital, Patna.

Sister M. Adelaide, of Baltimore, Maryland, joined the Society in 1943. She is a graduate of St. Joseph's College, Emmitsburg. At the time of her appointment to Holy Family Hospital, Patna, Sister Adelaide was the editor of "The Medical Missionary."

Atlanta

Catholic Colored Clinic
Atlanta, Georgia

November 3 was the anniversary of the death of Blessed Martin de Porres. The patients had given us many flowers, so we decided to fix a shrine. We placed a statue of him in the waiting room, surrounded with flowers, candles and vigil lights. The lay nurse was so impressed, that she asked many questions about Blessed Martin. She in turn relayed the information to the patients in the ward. After a while we found them reading "Meet Brother Martin," a booklet on his life. The nurse arranged the chairs for the afternoon clinic so that every one who came would "meet" Brother Martin. It was edifying to watch the patients when they saw the statue. They were amazed. Though the waiting room was filled, there was silence. Anyone who spoke did so in a low whisper. In the evening the patients related the story of Blessed Martin's life to their visitors. May he lead them to the truth!

Sister Gemma

Sante Fe

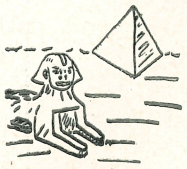
Sister M. Patrick gave a talk at the Southwest regional conference of the National Council of Catholic Women held at El Paso in October. Her topic was "Catholic Maternity Institutes."

First News From Sister M. Alma Who Sailed on September 26 with Sister M. Clare

Bombay, India
October 23, 1947

Our trip was very enjoyable. It would have been monotonous had not the "non-stop" trip to Bombay been interrupted by two stops. About two days east of Alexandria something went wrong with one of the pumps. Engineers on the ship made some sort of make-shift ar-

rangement which kept the ship running, but slowly. That is the reason we stopped overnight in Alexandria. On landing, we were fortunate in meeting "Jimmie" Hussain, a Muslim guide whose name was really "Jamil" Hussain, but he had adopted "Jimmie" for business reasons. He showed us autographed photos and letters which he had received from Robert Ripley and Gary Cooper, having introduced both of them to the Sphinx and the Pyramids at Ghiza. With such splendid recommendations,



how could we resist engaging Jimmie for this memorable tour? A Parsee lady and her husband, a Boston banker, and the two of us, under Jimmie's solicitous chaperonage took the trip to Ghiza and Cairo in the 1939 Dodge sedan. Outside of a flat tire in the left rear wheel, and some trouble with our headlights, and the suspicion that the driver was suffering from night-blindness, we had an uneventful trip. Before starting to Ghiza, however, we drove to St. Catherine of Alexandria's Church. It just happened that we reached there at 12:00 noon. An elderly Franciscan said the last Mass at 12:10 which we were able to attend.

Although Jimmie warned us about putting fountain pens, watches, jewelry, etc., out of sight, as "Alex" (as it is called here) is renowned for its pick-pockets, two thefts occurred—one a fountain pen from the Parsee gentleman, and a shirt which one of the crew members had hanging over his arm while standing on shore.

Cholera has been taking a toll of lives in Egypt. Queues of people could be seen standing at health offices waiting for injections. Because of the cholera scare, the ship did not take on water as it usually does (they could not distill their own as the machinery is out of gear) so that necessitated another stop at Aden.

We have been very lucky on this trip—congenial companions, calm weather, good food, comfortable, spacious and private accommodations. A few days over the Atlantic were choppy and we pitched and tossed and rolled with the usual diminution in the dining room attendance. Some days the Mediterranean and the Arabian Seas were like mirrors. Both of us are sufficiently rested to tackle anything now.

Sister M. Alma

Rawalpindi

Holy Family Hospital
Rawalpindi, Pakistan

Our work with the refugees goes on. Only one-fifth of the five million people scheduled to come into Pakistan have crossed the border as yet. We can expect crowds of refugees to pass through Rawalpindi for some time to come.

Remember my telling you about the temporary camp for refugees just across the street from us? Last week the Governor, Sir Francis Mudie, came to inspect it. It happened that our Sisters were there at the time. Providence arranged a meeting between them and Sir Francis. His excellency came over to the hospital for a visit. He promised to send us some drugs. Sister Alma Julia drew up a list of those we needed most, and gave it to him. After supper last night, word came that the drugs had arrived. We received 19 boxes, including plasma, tins of milk, penicillin, and vitamin tablets.

Sister Alma Julia also had opportunity to have a long talk with His Excellency and Mrs. Mudie, who is a Catholic. They were much interested in our work, and promised to do all they could to help with the building of the new Holy Family Hospital.

Sister Alma and Sister Clare arrived safely. Because of the unsettled conditions, it took them four days and four nights to come from Bombay. They were thoroughly searched when they arrived at Marmer on the Indian side near the Pakistan border. However nothing was taken from them.

The nurses who have completed their training could not go to Lahore for their examinations. We have to conduct our own.

Sister M. Dolores
Holy Family Hospital
Rawalpindi, Pakistan
October 30, 1947

We are landscaping the grounds of the new Holy Family Hospital in Rawalpindi. The Forestry Department gave 150 loquat trees and many flowering and shade trees and planted about two hundred feet of hedge. The Public Works Department planted Shisham trees on either side of our approach road, 44 trees altogether, fifty feet apart. The Agricultural Department planted several dozen shade trees and a few flowering trees; the Wakefield Farms, ten orange and other citrus trees. The military gave us a lot of barbed wire for around the grounds where we are planting.

Rawalpindi is fairly quiet now. I haven't seen a dead body on Murree Road for a week now, just a stream of refugees passing through, the remnants that reach here. It is strange to see only Muslims around now getting settled in the houses where our old Hindu and Sikh friends used to live.

Sister Alma Julia

Patna

Holy Family Hospital
Patna, India

I had my first introduction to Hinduism in action the other day. I learned a lot.

It was about the middle of the morning when

I noticed a small group of men lead a calf close to the veranda of the first floor of the hospital. When I saw one of them dump a pan of feed right on the sidewalk, I wanted to protest. Since I couldn't find the right Hindi expression, they didn't pay the least attention to me. Next they decorated the calf with a yellow bandana and a garland of white flowers. Only then did I realize that I was witnessing a pagan ceremony. A red string was let down from the second floor verandah, and tied to the tail of the calf. When these preparations were finished, the ceremony proceeded with the muttering of ritualistic prayers and the sprinkling of water (most likely from the sacred Ganges). The calf went on eating the specially prepared feed with the greatest nonchalance. The men bowed down with joined hands to do "puja." Later I found out that the other end of the string had been tied to the wrist of a dying man on the second floor, who was supposed to be participating in the rite.

Sister M. Louise

Mandar

Holy Family Hospital
Mandar, Ranchi District
October 19, 1947

Our big news is that the auxiliary generator has arrived at last. So we will have electricity here this week. It will make such a difference! The auxiliary generator burns gasoline. I hope we don't have to use it often.

Right at this precise moment, the first Holy Family Hospital, Mandar, baby is being born. It is a girl. Too bad, the parents were hoping for a boy.

October 26, 1947

Today the parish is celebrating Christ the King. Each village brought its own drums and flags. We could have said the Litany of the Saints and the fifteen Mysteries of the Rosary from the banners that the men carried. These banners, all of them beautiful, came from Belgium. The various little shrines that were also carried in the procession were more in Indian style. There were two outdoor altars for Benediction, fixed up with a lovely background of banana trees and graceful bamboo trees.

The drummers beat away in wild frenzy, dancing and shaking their heads so fast that those with long hair really looked like wild men. It was a warm day but it didn't seem to lessen their energy. At the moment of Benediction all the drums, big, little, and medium size, beat out a tremendously long roll. It was enough to split our ear drums. If noise is a necessary factor for the conversion of India, it will come soon.

There must have been about two thousand people in that procession and about seven hundred pagans, Hindus and Muslims, looking on. Now the crowds are wending their way back to their villages. The bands are still going strong as they fade away in the distance. The women are dancing home in a line along each side of the road. They face the drums which are in the middle of the road and move in a long snake-like line sideways.

Father is making a fracture table for us. We certainly have a lot of fractures here. Just the other day we had to fix a broken femur on a thirteen year old boy. Solomon and I nearly pulled him off the table in spite of the two Doctors, Sister Claudia and Elias at the other end of the bed.

The peppers and beans and squash are flourishing. The lettuce and radishes are poorly, thank you. The beets only silghtly better, but the carrots are doing nicely, as are the sweet potatoes. Cabbage, cauliflower and tomatoes are still in the seed boxes, but they soon will be transplanted.

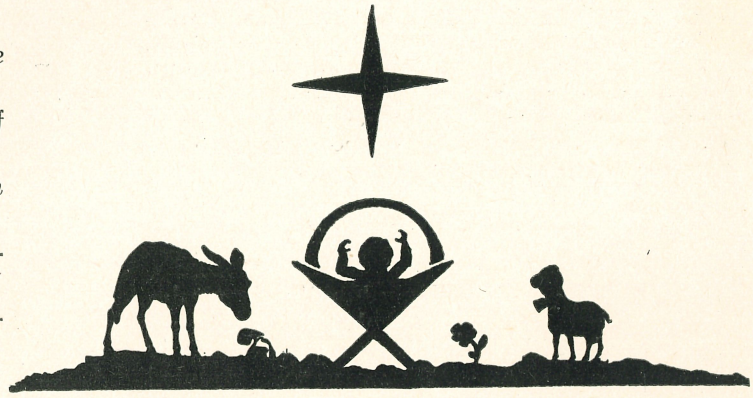
Sister Ignatius Marie

A Thought for the End of the Year . . .

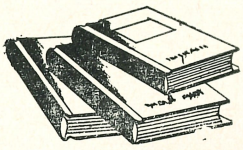
Hymn of Praise

All days are God's, and each successive dawn
Is but a note that swells the hymn of praise
Which incense-like from earth to heaven ascends,
And thither bears the souls' deep gratitude
To God, the Source whence every blessing flows.

SISTER M. BERTILDE, C. S. C.



(reprinted from SONGS OF THE ROOD with the kind permission of the *Sisters of the Holy Cross.*)



MISSION LIBRARY

The Man on Joss Stick Alley
By James E. Walsh, M. M., D. D.
Longmans Green Co.

This is the fascinating story of one of the earliest Maryknoll missionaries, Father Daniel McShane, of Columbus, Indiana. He was the first seminarian to join the Maryknoll Society, the first priest to be ordained in that community, and the first missionary to settle definitely and permanently in the inland town of Loting, in China, 200 miles from Hong Kong. His sensitive nature and delicate health suffered severely in the labor of planting the Church in virgin soil. He saw very little results, two small communities of about a hundred converts, and a Sisters' convent to care for the abandoned babies of the town. He died of smallpox, all alone in his last illness, because it so happened that all his co-workers had gone to Hongkong to meet their new bishop. His life and death were a martyrdom, but they were not a failure. The influx of converts and the flourishing Catholic life of that mission may well be attributed, under God, to his patient sowing of the seed. Others now do the harvesting.

Father Walsh's fluent style is well known to all Maryknoll readers. He does the subject full justice, and his digressions, though they halt the story a little, yet tell so much about life in China that they are a treasure in themselves. Few people get to know the races of the Orient like the missionaries do. Few will get down to live the life of the Chinese, eat their food, speak their language, share their thoughts, study their customs and history, identify themselves with their problems and aspirations. Fr. McShane turned himself into a Chinese with the Chinese, as far as that is possible. That is why he was loved and trusted like few outsiders are in a strange land.

The author brings out the cardinal virtue of a missionary: endurance. Those who can stick it out, without paying overmuch attention to climate and food and strangeness, will find themselves growing into useful and happy workers gradually and imperceptibly. Fr. McShane makes a perfect model for a young missionary. He simply dug himself in, did the best he could with the materials available, and left the results to God. He gave a beautiful example of priestly dignity, unassuming spirituality, and universal charity. All those interested in missions and missionaries will read the book with pleasure and profit.

Comfort For The Sick
By Clara Tiry
Apostolate of Suffering, Milwaukee, Wis.

This is the third edition of a collection of reading matter for the sick, published first in 1927 by a woman who is herself almost a life-long invalid. When magazines, novels and detective stories begin to pall, this volume will prove itself a real companion for the chronically ill. There is enough material to suit every taste: poems, extracts from the Following of Christ and other spiritual books, quotations from the Saints, and original meditations. No effort has been made to modernize this volume. Illness is as old as the world, and the old and tried will stand the test of prolonged use.

Valuable work is done by the Apostolate of Suffering, a non-profit organization for the sick with its headquarters in Milwaukee, Wisc. Pain and suffering can be wasted in querulous selfishness, or they can be used for the good of souls. It all depends on one's attitude. The apostolic value of illness and invalidism is stressed continually in this book. Comfort means strengthening, not merely consoling. To offer up one's suffering for the Church, for priests, for the missions, is to put meaning and happiness in a bed-ridden existence. This book would make a splendid present to any patient.

Also received from the publishers: The Priest; His Dignity and Obligations, by St. John Eudes translated by Rev. Leo Murphy. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York. $3.00

Mission Sunday in New Orleans

On October 19, in the Municipal Auditorium, the program entitled "Adventurers for Christ" was presented. Under the direction of the Rev. Father Herman P. Lohman, the students of the city gave a resumé of the great adventurers of Christ who lived in all centuries from the first to the twentieth. Children dressed in the habits of seventy-four different communities formed a pageant.

Congratulations to Rev. Father Lohman on this stimulating "mission history in action."

R. I. P.

Please pray for the repose of the souls of:

Sister Mary Pauline Johnston, S.S.J.
Hartford, Conn.

Rev. James G. O'Neill
Towson, Md.

Sister M. Agnes Clare, C.S.C.
Holy Cross, Indiana

Ansgar Strerath, M. D.
Medical Mission Institute
Würzburg, Germany

The Catholic Church, of which Rome is the center, is supra-national by its very nature. This has two implications, one negative, and the other positive. The Church is a mother—Sancta Mater Ecclesia—a true mother, mother of all nations and all peoples no less than of all men individually. And precisely because a mother, she does not, and cannot, belong exclusively to this or that people, nor even more to one than to others, but equally to all.

Since she is the mother, she cannot be a stranger anywhere; she dwells, or at least should, because of her nature, dwell among all peoples. The Church is then, supra-national because it is an indivisible, universal whole. She lives and grows in all countries of the world, and they all contribute to her life and growth.

For our part, we desire to make that home ever more solid, ever more attractive to all, without exception. Hence We desire to leave nothing undone that may reflect outwardly the supra-national character of the Church, because it is the expression of her love for Christ, whom she sees and serves in the rich variety of her members scattered throughout the whole world.

—1945 CHRISTMAS MESSAGE OF POPE PIUS XII